Harke ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night,
Ile to him, he is hid at *Lawrence* Cell.
Iu. O find him, giue this ring to my true Knight,
And bid him come, to take his last farewell.

Exit.

Enter Frier and Romeo.

Fri. Romeo come forth, come forth thou fearefull man,
Affliction is enamourd of thy parts:
And thou art wedded to calamitie.
Ro. Father what newes? what is the Princes doome?
What sorrow craues acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my deare sonne with such sowre companie?
I bring thee tidings of the Princes doome.
Ro. What lesse then doomesday is the Princes doome?
Fri. A gentler iudgement vanisht from his lips,
Not bodies death, but bodies banishment.
Rom. Ha, banishment? be mercifull, say death:
For exile hath more terror in his looke,
Much more then death, do not say banishment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou banished:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Ro. There is no world without *Verona* walls,
But purgatorie, torture, hell it selfe:
Hence banished, is blanisht from the world,
And worlds exile is death. Then banished,
Is death, misterm'd, calling death banished,
Thou cutst my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest vpon the stroke that murders me.
Fri. O deadly sin, ô rude vnthankfulnes,
Thy fault our law calls death, but the kind Prince
Taking thy part, hath rusht aside the law,
And turn'd that blacke word death to banishment.

This is deare mercie, and thou seest it not.
Ro. Tis torture and not mercie, heauen is here
Where *Iuliet* liues, and euery cat and dog,
And litle mouse, euery vnworthy thing
Liue here in heauen, and may looke on her,
But *Romeo* may not. More validitie,
More honourable state, more courtship liues
In carrion flies, then *Romeo*: they may seaze
On the white wonder of deare *Iuliets* hand,
And steale immortall blessing from her lips,
Who euen in pure and vestall modestie
Still blush, as thinking their owne kisses sin.
This may flyes do, when I from this must flie,
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?
But *Romeo* may not, he is banished.
Flies may do this, but I from this must flie:
They are freemen, but I am banished.
Had'st thou no poyson mixt, no sharpe ground knife,
No sudden meane of death, though nere so meane,
But banished to kill me: Banished?
O Frier, the damned vse that word in hell:
Howling attends it, how hast thou the heart
Being a Diuine, a ghostly Confessor,
A sin obsoluer, and my friend profest,
To mangle me with that word banished?
Fri. Then fond mad man, heare me a little speake.
Ro. O thou wilt speake againe of banishment.
Fri. Ile giue thee armour to keepe off that word,
Aduersities sweete milke, Philosophie,
To comfort thee though thou art banished.
Ro. Yet banished? hang vp philosophie,
Vnlesse Philosophie can make a *Iuliet*,
Displant a towne, reuerse a Princes doome,
It helpes not, it preuailes not, talke no more.
Fri. O then I see, that mad man haue no eares.
Ro. How should they when that wise men haue no eyes.